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THE CHRONICLE

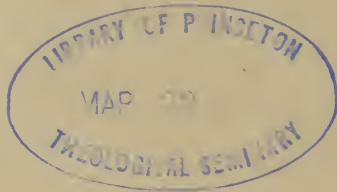
OF THE

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY



1914

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THE CHRONICLE

Of the London Missionary Society.

Editor: BASIL MATHEWS, M.A.

A Call to Men "They left their nets"



From the picture by

THE CALLING OF JAMES AND JOHN

[E. Armitage, R.A.]

WE see here a picture of Jesus Christ, forming the first Laymen's Missionary Movement, as He goes down to the shore of the Lake of Galilee.

They were men who had just had a sharp and cruel blow of disappointment in the imprisonment of their fiery leader John. It looked as though their movement was broken. But out of the mists came this new and greater Figure who made His call to these men: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

Dr. John R. Mott, together with other members of the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference, is throwing himself this autumn into a campaign among English laymen.

"They straightway left their nets and followed Him." They followed, and (though feeble and faltering at first) later came to be ready to hold up His standard amid all detraction and derision and in the face of menace and death. So these men turned the world upside down. The empire which they set out to establish has endured ever since and is every day enlarging its dominion.

Just as really and as immediately as Jesus called His fishermen to the great enterprise, He is laying a hand on us laymen

now as we rest at the seaside or work in the city or town. Dr. John R. Mott, together with other members of the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference, is throwing himself during this coming autumn into a campaign among English laymen.

The campaign, which has within it untold possibilities for the Kingdom of God, arose from the recognition by the Continuation Committee at its last meeting of the fact "that the Church is still far from making an adequate response to the call of God in our own time." They suggested a united presentation of the facts of the present urgent opportunities in the Mission Field to the Home Churches and offered their services and the services of their Chairman, Dr. Mott, to the Missionary Societies for this purpose.

The organisation of the Campaign was entrusted to a Committee appointed jointly by the Conference of Missionary Societies and the National Laymen's Missionary Movement, with the Secretary of the National Laymen's Missionary Movement, Mr. T. R. W. Lunt, as secretary.

Among the members of the Committee appointed to organise the Campaign are :—

The Bishop of Winchester,
 Sir George Macalpine,
 Rev. Tissington Tatlow,
 Sir Andrew Wingate,
 Mr. C. Flint,
 Mr. Victor Buxton, and
 Sir Philip Baker Wilbraham.

The members of this Committee who are intimately associated with the London Missionary Society are Mr. C. T. Bateman (Editor to the Missionary Press Bureau), Mr. Arthur Porritt (of the *Christian World*), Mr. F. H. Hawkins, I.L.B. (Foreign Secretary for Africa, Madagascar, and China), and Mr. Basil Mathews (Editorial Secretary).

It is the definite desire of the Committee that no meetings shall be held in connection with the Campaign except where there can be shown to be adequate provision for following up the results afterwards and making them permanent, and that the burden of the work and responsibility of organising the campaign should be borne by laymen.

The object of the Campaign is to call forth and train a new body of missionary leaders rather than to stir crowds. Emphasis is to be laid throughout, not so

much upon attracting large numbers to the meetings, as upon securing the presence of men who in the various denominations and in every walk of life either are already taking the lead or are likely to occupy positions of leadership in the future, especially those who are not at present taking an active share in missionary work. It is of special importance to secure the attendance and support of leaders among working men.

Leading men of all denominations will join week-end Conferences with Dr. Mott and the other speakers, which will be arranged at centres convenient to the towns where local meetings will be held.

The L.M.S. is planning through this approach to laymen, and in a number of other ways, to seek to discover in and for and through the Churches fresh resources of spirit which will bring forth, from the grave times of difficulty through which we have been passing, a new era of resolute advance.

Above all we are all called clearly in facing this Campaign to a fresh self-discipline of daily prayer.

Inasmuch as we have no hope in this Campaign but from God, and we know Him to be the rewarder of those that diligently seek Him, believing that He has His own promise of grace and love to fulfil through this Campaign, transcending our thoughts and hopes, the essential condition to its usefulness is that we maintain an attitude of expectant faith and prayer towards God about it.

Our initial equipment of mind and our opportunity of spiritual growth is greater than belonged to the fishermen to whom Jesus spoke when He by the Lake set out to "call forth and train His new body of missionary leaders." Our task, too, in its immensity and urgency of opportunity is greater than was theirs. Their Christ is equally ours. It lies with our obedience to do the rest, so that this coming autumn may be memorable in the history both of our personal discipleship and our common Christianity as a time of mighty advance. Christ calls us to-day, in the twentieth century, to a faith as daring, a passion as personal and enduring, a sacrifice as real as those that inspired the first Laymen's Missionary Movement when Simon and John "straightway laid down their nets, and followed Him."



H. Cecil Nutter

Africans Waking

The Dawn of the Christian Consciousness as seen in Africa

By H. Cecil Nutter

of Mbereshi,
Central Africa

IT is difficult to give an example of "the dawn of the Christian consciousness" which would be typical. Our converts include young men who have passed through our schools and workshops, boys and girls who have lived and worked in the missionaries' homes, and older people, who are too old to learn to read. And just as these vary in character and education, so also do they vary under "the dawn of the Christian consciousness."

But two characteristics are almost always evident. First, there are external changes. A man will begin to desire better clothing for himself, his children, and, it may be, for his wife. It is too often considered correct to decry this desire for clothing (and to the African in Rhodesia there is no other form of clothing obtainable than European) on the assumption that it generally reveals the Pharisee within. But I have watched the African long enough to know that he thinks an inward change should have its outward and visible sign. And if clothing his family better is a sign of any inward change, then surely it is a change in the right direction.

This outward sign may take other forms. It may be the building of a better house, it may be the desire for some regular form of employment, it may be regular attendance at public worship, or it may be visible in the cleanliness which is said to be next to godliness.

In the average young man of this district "the dawn" is manifested by a desire for education. In many cases it is a result of school attendance and the instruction given, and then it very often expresses itself in a passion for reading. In some cases it takes the form of a passion for hymn-singing, and if so—BEWARE! Hymn-singing is often the hall-mark of hypocrisy in this country.

I do not refer to the boys who gather in our compounds after the day's work is done, and steadily sing their way right through the hymnbook, cruelly murdering some of the tunes which bring memories of homes and churches far away. Neither do I refer to those who foregather in some village hut and sing some of the hymns we call "Sankey's." But I refer to the young gentleman who loves to walk past the mission house, at least daily, singing hymns from a book which he is carrying upside down.

Second: there are moral changes. I do not believe the moral sense needs much awakening. I think the moral sense needs to be allowed more authority. In many a heathen who makes no pretensions towards Christianity I have seen very fine ideas which could only be called moral. In some connections these people have a very fine sense of justice; and unbiassed justice exercised by their superiors always makes a powerful appeal to the "unsophisticated savage."

As the Christian consciousness dawns it reinforces the moral sense, and consequently the vicious customs to which the African is born heir now become wrong and sinful. And concerning some of these vices there is also "dawning" a public opinion. But the development of the moral sense must not be supposed to bring with it the power to obey its injunctions. The bonds of habit and custom were forged in the long past, and it is only when the prisoner seeks release that he realises how strong are the chains that bind him.

The dawning of the Christian consciousness from a moral standpoint is perhaps most apparent in relation to many of the native customs which have now almost become taboo within our immediate surroundings. This is specially apparent with



The Clothier, Central Africa

regard to marriage ceremonies. Our young men, without professing to be Christian, are no longer satisfied with the old form and its doubtful accompaniments, and almost invariably seek a form of Christian marriage. The wicked dances of the past are gradually becoming unpopular in the villages around us, and drunkenness is not nearly so common as formerly.

But in the dawning of the Christian consciousness it will be obvious that the neophyte must first be influenced by the negative injunctions rather than the positive. This is not difficult to understand because the "Thou shalt not" of the law too often refers to well-known and oft-practised customs. The decalogue might almost have been written specially for Africa. Henceforward life must have a new meaning and purpose. But for the present Christianity seems to be made up of "Do Not"—and it is some long time before the seeker hears the Christ calling him to deny himself, to take up his cross, to love his enemy, and to be filled with the Spirit.

There is, I fear, a misconception abroad which thinks the African has little to give up before he can enter the Christian life. This ignorance is due to the fact that the African heathen life is so vicious that the average missionary does not care to know all about it, and what he does know is so horrible that he cannot talk about it. After many years of work in this country I have become compelled to believe things which, a few years ago, I thought to be either exaggerations or misconceptions. The native life in towns and villages removed from Christian influence is little better than

Sodom and Gomorrah.

There is another characteristic of this new consciousness. The African is a born orator—most natives have a considerable gift in this direction—and the young Christian soon begins to feel that he must do something, and as the young duckling seeks the water so the native wants to preach. We do not discourage him, but rather try to guide and inform him, and, above all, do our best to bring his life up to the standards of the Gospel. In this connection I would mention an instance that

came to my notice this month. When interviewing a blind candidate for church membership I asked him what he did for Christ in this way. I then discovered that this blind man had travelled one journey of over eighty miles preaching in the villages—unasked and unthanked by us.

Perhaps it will be asked: What type of Christians are these members of the early church in Africa? I am bold enough to believe that most of them are far better than the early Christians of Asia Minor and Corinth. Many of them are uneducated in the sense that they cannot read, but these are becoming small in proportion to our growing numbers. But if it is true that "by their fruits ye shall know them," then the early church in this land bids fair to become strong and fruitful.

Only recently one of our senior teachers volunteered to go and hold the fort in our remotest district, although it meant leaving his wife and family for a time. They are also learning to give towards the support of their own evangelists, although giving is not a conspicuous African virtue. Collectively they are interested in the growth of the church and the spread of the Gospel, and individually they try to find some sphere or office which they can fill with credit and for the common good. One man is self-appointed door-keeper—he has not the gift of utterance. Another attends to the contribution box. Others go to various villages to preach, and others visit the sick. Those of us who have been here long see many signs which we believe betoken the coming day.

Pictures of Life in China

Old and New China

MR. T. Y. KUNG is a native of Hwangpei County. He was a good student on the old lines, and whilst teaching in a Chinese school he was baptized. Afterwards he studied in the L.M.S. Divinity

School in Hankow under Dr. Griffith John, and was an earnest and successful student. He has been an evangelist at three of the L.M.S. churches in Hankow—one of which was the first Protestant Church in Central China. He was at work there until the revolution broke out in 1911, when the church and manse were completely destroyed at the burning of the city. He was elected Chairman of the Central China Native Church Council and the Chinese representative on the L.M.S. Advisory Council. He is an earnest and forceful preacher and a wise counsellor, and has helped greatly in the organisation of church work in the Hupeh Province. He is about to be ordained.

His son, Mr. Kung Show Chin, was a boy in the school connected with one of his father's churches, and then entered the Griffith John College, Hankow. For a time he held a good position in the Russian Bank, but gave it up to study for the ministry. He was the first L.M.S. student to go to the Theological College of the Nanking University, where he still is.

The following is a sentence from a letter recently received from him :

"I am believing that difficulties are put in our way not to conquer us, but that we may conquer them. I am always trying to run the hurdle race, and am sure understanding life is like a hurdle race, with frequent difficulties in our path, but God's strength is sufficient for us if we always run it."

KUNG TSZ YÜN AND KUNG SHOW CHIN



An Extraordinary Prayer Meeting

MR. R. E. F. PEILL (of the Anglo-Chinese College, London Missionary Society, Tientsin) in his report writes: "A meeting was held in Tientsin to pray for China by the followers of every religion. I found my way through the city to a great bare hall adjoining the Provincial Parliament buildings. All who entered received a printed programme and a prayer sheet, and as I sat waiting, almost the only foreigner there, I looked at the faces around me. The place was packed and desperately hot.

"I was sitting at one side beside one of our deacons and his little boy; crossways in front was a row of Taoist or Buddhist priests (I could not tell which), one a pleasant-looking man, two ordinary enough, and two hulking fellows with the most brutish countenances I have ever seen.

"The meeting began with a deafening

noise from the Police Band; then followed an explanatory speech from the chairman, a powerful-voiced Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Mission. A song by members of the Women's Red Cross Society came next, after which we had speeches from a leading Buddhist and a prominent Christian. A man who described himself as an atheist had been chosen to conduct the next proceeding, which he explained. It was that all should rise, repeat three times: 'God bless our country and protect the people,' bow thrice, and resume their seats. The thing was a reality evidently to those present, and it was with some hesitation they uttered the words. Then the band.

"Next came speeches from two representatives of the Viceroy: one a Mohammedan, the other a Buddhist; after which a representative of the Red Cross Society spoke. Then came the most interesting part of the



Photo by]

[Miss M. Edwards

THE MISSION CART AT THE IRON LION ON THE ROAD FROM TSANGCHOW
TO YENSAN

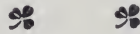
meeting, the reading aloud by all of the printed prayer which all held in their hands. I heard afterwards that when a Committee representing the various sects had failed to come to any agreement as to the form to be used, the Christian, the only one

who had clear ideas as to what prayer was, was commissioned to prepare it. It was composed of four portions: praise, thanksgiving, confession, and petition, and was 'reverently read aloud' by the vast throng standing, under the guidance of the chairman.

"Then came another hymn by the Women's Red Cross Society, then speeches by Mr. Chang Po Ling, the leader of the Chinese Christian Church, and another by a Mohammedan. The band closed the proceedings.

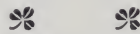
"Have I conveyed any impression of the pathos of that meeting? That crowd of men, women, and children seeking to pray for their country and not knowing how, and surrounded by a vast city that cares for none of these things?"

Hwei-an, Amoy



"THE C.E. members have started going out on Sundays again to preach in the streets. At one of the country stations the beginning of a man coming to service was through hearing the Gospel from members of the C.E. in the street

here in the city, and afterwards he and his family became Christians. This proof of the success of their sowing has encouraged them to go on again."—*Extract from letter from Miss M. E. Horne, Hwei-an.*



China to the Help of Madagascar

MRS. MILLEDGE, of Anjozorobe, Madagascar, writes as follows:

"A few days ago I received a letter from my friend Mrs. Cyril Knott of Hankow, enclosing a French postal order for 4f. 45c. Imagine my surprise and pleasure on reading the letter to find that the money was sent from the women's meeting held in the village behind the Griffith John College. Mrs. Knott writes, 'In the autumn we started a missionary box at our women's meeting in the village here, to try and get a world vision. If you could make any use of our mite it would help their imaginations. If it could be used perhaps on the tribes you visit yearly in buying a few

gospels or something like that, the women would feel it was helping the Kingdom.'

"My colleague, Mr. Gale, has received a similar contribution once from Africa. It is very interesting now to receive money from Chinese Christian women to help on the spread of Christ's Kingdom among the heathen tribes of Madagascar. I hope our Malagasy Christians who hear of the gift from China may be stirred up to do more themselves for the heathen of their own land. May I add that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Knott (then Miss Paull) during a delightful and never-to-be-forgotten week at the Summer School at Malvern."

“Saved for” or “from India”



THIS book* is vital from beginning to end. It ought to be read not only by all missionary workers in India, but by all who seek to advance the kingdom of God in that great empire. Whether they agree with or differ from

the author, it is well that they should come into contact with such a fresh and virile presentation of the missionary problem.

The problem is stated in the sub-title—Shall we proselytise Hindus or evangelise India? Mr. Lucas gives no formal definition of the words proselytism and evangelism; he shows the difference by describing their characteristic elements.

The dominating idea of the proselyte is (1) to advance his own religion; (2) to separate the outsider from the religious thought in which he has been brought up and attach him to an entirely new religion; and (3) to secure the unreserved acceptance of his creed, his ritual, and his organisation. The evangelist, on the other hand, believes that the Spirit of God has been at work in all religions and among all nations, that Christianity is not so much the true as opposed to false religions as “the fulfilment of every religious aspiration which has ever stirred the hearts of men,” and that our Western theology and organisation are the local and temporary, not the final and universal, moulds in which Christianity is to be cast.

The attitude of the evangelist is that alien faiths are “part of the great process of salvation which God has been and still is carrying on,” that Christian faith and life have not reached their final type, and that therefore we need the contribution which other religions evolved under the guidance of the one Divine Spirit are able to supply.

Hence to evangelise India is a far greater thing than to proselytise Hindus. “There is a distinct type of religious thought and life in India which God has been evolving through the centuries, and this must be saved both for India and for the world. It is even possible to conceive of a salvation of the souls of individual Hindus and a losing of the soul of India, which would be an irretrievable and incalculable loss to the world.” “The Hindu must be saved as a Hindu;

* “Our Task in India.” By Bernard Lucas. Macmillan. 5s. net.

The Great Alternative

By A. R. Henderson, M.A.
Chairman of the Board of Directors

he is not saved but lost by making a European of him. He must be saved *for* and not *from* India.”

In chapters that throb with life Mr. Lucas shows how the fundamental principle affects missionary methods. Do our missionaries receive the right kind of training at home and after they arrive on the field? Are they too much enslaved by the intellectual forms and formulas of our Western theology? Are they too greatly concerned with their ecclesiastical organisations, and with accessions to their churches? Is the Indian Church developed as it ought to be? Have we any right to make Biblical instruction compulsory in our schools? Have we any right to introduce our party names into India and have “Indian Wesleyans and Indian Lutherans before the Indian Church has produced either a Wesley or a Luther, or has indeed ever felt the need of them”? Have we not made the Indian Church a foreign institution in its own land, and emphasised the fact by the cassock, the white tie, and the clerical coat of its pastors, and the Bishop subject to Canterbury and the English Parliament? Are we giving India the right sort of literature? Are we even supplying her with the true Word of God—a translation of the Bible which reproduces the original thought in the idiomatic languages of the country?

These questions will no doubt lead to keen controversy, and it is well they should do so. Mr. Lucas has done a service to the whole Christian Church by raising them, and the best advice we can give with reference to his book is—buy and read.



“For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Let us pray

1. For the preparations for the autumn campaign among laymen in London and the North; that men may be gripped by the sense of urgency to-day in the present opportunity for carrying the Gospel to every land. (See pp. 169, 170.)
2. For the L.M.S. Summer Schools during the first three weeks in August; that the members may all come in a spirit of prepared expectancy and may realise more of the grace of God than they can possibly anticipate; and that the Presidents, speakers, and leaders of circles may be divinely helped.
3. For all preaching of the Gospel in the open-air, at home and abroad.
4. For our Churches at home, as they launch into the work of the autumn, that we may realise both the greatness of their task and “the exceeding greatness of the power.”

Oases in the Desert

By H. A. Popley

A VILLAGE path branches off the main road from Perundurairi to Viziamangalam about six miles from the former place, and winds in and out among gardens shady with coconut palms or dark green

tobacco plant and chili shrub, where the bulls go up and down the steep slope to the music of a creaking wheel, drawing up the fertilising water in a leaky leather bucket from the cool depth. It crosses sandy nullahs, where the bicycle threatens to deposit one on the ground, and finally comes to a thick cluster of thatched huts bundled irregularly together on one side of the road—brown untidy huts, in the rude, revealing sunlight with here and there a red-tiled house, its walls and verandah glistening white with new chunam. A short distance away, shaded by tamarind and margosa trees, may be seen the tiled roofs of the caste village with one two-storied house, its upper story looking like a small belfry, standing stern and proud in the midst.

The road takes a half circle around the Panchama village, until it comes to a new thatched building separated a little from the village, and just off the road margin. A small window in the back gable peeps out on the road and lets out the monotonous

hum of children's voices. The school building and church, for such it is, has only three walls. In the front it is wide open to all the fresh air that comes in and to all people. A pandal—a flat roof of leaves on small posts—has been erected in front of

the building. Around is the school garden just newly made and bright with flowers and shrubs, and the whole is enclosed by a rough thorn hedge. The little gate will just admit a small-sized man.

The mission gave just £1 17s. 4d. for this building, 20 ft. x 12 ft., and the people did the rest. One of the stout beams was given by the village headman, who lived in that two-storied house, and who but a year before had tried to prevent us getting a piece of land whereon to build. An enthusiastic catechist and teacher did the rest.

It was a hot, cloudless day at the end of April, when the earth lay parched and baked in the ruthless sunlight, the air quivering with heat. The village school children sit near the entrance, sing-

ing songs. The village people begin to gather, bringing with them baskets of grain, cackling hens and crowing cocks, bleating sheep and goats and all manner of produce. These are crowded into the further end of the school building on a low platform and



HINDUISM IN THE VILLAGE
Travelling fakirs with a shrine

on the floor. Shortly the sound of fresh singing is heard, and another school with pretty paper banners followed by a crowd of villagers bearing more gifts comes marching in. So school after school, and village after village, until Christians from six villages are packed inside and outside that building. A small, neatly dressed man sits near the missionary, and beside him a fat, jolly-looking man who is always smiling.

Both of them are headmen, one of them belonging to this very village of Kamblampatti and the other to Viziamangalam. The manyghar (headman) of Kamblampatti is to preside at this Harvest Festival. The meeting goes forward. The school children sing various songs and act little stories.



A VILLAGE CROWD IN ERODE

The missionary gives an address. The manyghar also speaks to the people and tells them that he welcomes this work and sees the good it is doing. The chubby-faced manyghar of Viziamangalam tells how, when the Christian way first came to Viziamangalam, he despised it and thought it of no account. But as it grew and he saw the changes that were taking place among these dirty, despised paraiyas, he wondered, and at last came to believe that not only the Pan-chamas, but the Sudras also would find hope and new life in the Christian way.

Then the little round mud mite boxes into which the people put any small coins they could during the course of the year were opened, the contents counted, and put down to each family. Some of the villagers brought their special thank-offerings. One

man, Amithavasagam, brought a golden sovereign and laid it on the platform. Eight years ago he was baptized in that village. For seven years he slept. The village school was closed. The people were frightened of the headman and cared nothing for Christianity. But God was working, and suddenly the awakening came, and this man became an enthusiastic Christian, giving up his home and money to the work of Christ—a simple villager with but little education, but a real soul-winner. Mr. Thangamuthu, the new enthusiastic catechist, had much to do with this, and the "Catch-my-Relative-Society," from Mungilpalaiyam, and throughout all these villages passed a breeze of enthusiasm. Seven years' sleep, and now

a great awakening, and already many souls have been won and many more are waiting.

After the sheep and goats and fowls and all the other offerings had been sold the total amount was added up, and came to Rs. 98 (£6 10s. 8d.), nearly double the amount for the whole circle in 1912, and one other village in that circle—Mungilpaliyam—had already given its

thankoffering separately, amounting to Rs. 86 (£5 14s. 8d.). The streams in the desert are now becoming oases.

This meeting, with its fresh enthusiasm and the change from the old, represents the condition of our work in 1913. An awakening has come. A new breeze of enthusiasm is blowing.

For some years we have been teaching, training, and praying for, and with, the Christian community. After the first onrush came the reaction, the period of stress and difficulty, when progress was only in litters, when much cleansing and organising had to be done. Last year began a new phase. The Christian community itself is now coming to the forefront. Through the whole community a new wave of enthusiasm is urging the people forward.

The Missionary and the Church

By
Rev. Cheng Ching Yi
of Peking

I TAKE for granted that we all agree that the mission church in China should be developed, or better still started, along self-supporting and self-governing lines; and that we should do all that is within our power to lead the church into that direction. But while doing so we must not forget to guard against a grave danger that is threatening us to-day, namely, the tendency to separation.

The church should be independent from the support and control of the Missionary Society, but never from the followers of Christ, be they of the English, the Chinese, or

to the young church that is sincerely trying to shoulder its responsibilities.

It is also sadly true that some of our Chinese people have mistaken ideas that by being independent they think they need no longer the helping hand of the missionary—a kind of China for the Chinese, though not necessarily an anti-foreign feeling. To say the least, such a church is not in a really healthy condition, and is needing all the more the help of the missionary whether that fact is recognised or not. He must not let such a church alone, but try to find himself in its midst until the truth is fully under-



REV. C. G. SPARHAM DISTRIBUTING CHRISTIAN LITERATURE IN CENTRAL CHINA

any other nationalities. It is a question of the work rather than the workers, and is the relationship between the church and the mission, not the Chinese and the missionary. While the latter is a member of the Missionary Society, he is also a member of the Chinese Church, with full privilege and responsibility.

Some hesitate to touch the work of the Chinese Church for fear of dominating it, and thus prove to be a hindrance rather than a help to the cause. Yes indeed we should keep that fear in mind, but should not on that account keep away from it. Remember the church is yet in its babyhood, and it needs the help of the missionary for reasons more than one. The interest he takes in the work cheers the hearts of many, his knowledge and experience of church government are indispensable

stood that the Church of Christ is not national, but universal. I consider it a good and happy sign to see the missionary in the midst of the Chinese Church, taking real interest in its affairs, sharing its joys and sorrows, taking part at its services, meetings, councils, and committees, giving his advice and support, and, in a word, becoming one of the Chinese themselves; for although we cannot all be leaders, we can all be friends.

Missionaries in the midst of Chinese, and Chinese of missionaries, is the point upon which I lay special emphasis—Thus to increase mutual confidence and mutual helpfulness; and to prevent what seems to me to be a very immediate and grave danger of separation. For missionary methods may alter, missionary position may change, but Christian fellowship never!

Fighting Death in the Cabin



FROM outside the city there came one afternoon a call to attend a woman in need. We—one of the Chinese nurses and myself—were soon off in our chairs, and in half-an-hour or more passed through one of the distant city gates and were set down on the

river bank. It then became clear to our minds that our patient was living on a boat, and we were requested to get into a small boat and were rowed out in the fading light to a fleet of large trading-boats which were lying at anchor at the mouth of a creek. In about ten minutes we drew in beside one of these boats and were invited to get on board. There was a ledge, barely a foot broad, running round the boat, and we stepped up on to this, and then our guide pointed to a window some four feet higher up and told us that was the way in. But how were two unfortunate women, both of them encumbered with winter garments, and one of them a small-footed Chinese woman, to contrive to get up there? Presently some one hit on the brilliant idea of handing out a tiny stool, which was placed on the ledge below the window. First the nurse mounted, and with a little assistance from below she pulled herself up on to the window-frame and disappeared inside. Then came my turn, and screwing myself over the frame I landed safely on a pile of fishing-nets inside the cabin. We inquired hastily for our patient and were directed to a tiny cabin in the stern, but we found it was impossible to get

By Ruth Massey, M.B., Ch B.
of Wuchang

inside as the patient had been taken off the bed and put on the floor, and the remaining space was taken up by three or four women friends. We insisted that she must be put on to the bed at once, and when this was done we managed, by bending nearly double, to squeeze through the door. When we examined the patient we found that the native midwife had been there before us, and had, as usual, done all that should not have been done. To a Westerner the case did not present very great difficulties, and happily the woman was strong enough to survive the delay and the maltreatment fairly well, though she was suffering terribly.

But we had practically no hope of saving the little one. However, to our surprise it showed signs of life. But there in the tiny cabin, where there was barely standing room for four people, and where one could not stand upright, with a sort of unclosable port-hole letting in a rush of keen night air, it was impossible to do anything for the poor little thing, who had already been shockingly injured. So I asked permission to take it into the big cabin, where I had noticed a little stove burning. Leaving the nurse and the women to look after the mother, I sat down on a tiny stool by the fire and tried to restore the baby while an intensely interested audience of boatmen and chair-coolies sat watching and applauding the little mite's feeble efforts to breathe. One of the chair-coolies superintended the preparation of the baby's bath in a large round wooden tub, and with our united efforts the little thing at last came round.

Our work done, we climbed again on to the fishing-nets and descended into the darkness with the water flowing silently below, while friendly hands seized our feet from below and guided them to safety. And so we got safely and thankfully into our boat again and were soon back to the shore.

The First Chinese Ph.D.

ONE of China's most promising younger men, in the person of Dr. Moses Chiu, passed away on Saturday, July 4, in London from an Eastern malady, for which he was being treated at one of the London hospitals. Dr. Chiu first came to England over fourteen years ago from Amoy, China, where he had been associated with school work under the London Missionary Society. After studying at the United College, Bradford, for three years, taking the ordinary curriculum, he went to Halle, and then to Berlin, where he remained for nearly five years. In November, 1910, he took the degree of D. Phil. at Berlin, being the first of his countrymen to secure this

Death of Dr. Moses Chiu

distinction from a German University. At the end of 1910 he received an appointment from the Chinese Government as Professor of English and German at the Imperial University, Peking, and a brilliant future seemed to lie before him. Before proceeding to Germany he was at his own earnest request ordained at Guildford Congregational Church, with which he had been closely associated—preaching both in Guildford and the village stations—during his stay in England. To his widow and the relatives sincere sympathy is extended in their loss. The funeral took place on Monday, July 6, and was conducted by Rev. Alexander Cowe, M.A., of Guildford.

Ordained Under a Tree

THE ordination of Shisho Moyo and the opening of the new church at Entabenende took place on Sunday, March 29. Entabenende is a comparatively new out-station of the Hope Fountain District, and was started by Shisho Moyo, particulars of whose interesting career have already appeared in *THE CHRONICLE* (April 1913). The people have been busy for some time past in building a new burnt brick church, the whole cost of which has been met by them. When the mission was started five years ago, a building of poles and mud was erected, but it was not long before the people began to feel that it was inadequate for their needs. They collected funds, they carted firewood for brick-burning, they cut grass for thatching, they carried earth, and assisted in numberless ways, with the result that they now have a church of which they have good reason to be proud. But I anticipate. I must tell of the red-letter day at Entabenende from the beginning.

We missionaries had all just returned from our Committee Meeting in Serowe, and had assembled at Hope Fountain, whence we set out on the Saturday morning soon after eight o'clock for our thirty-five mile drive over the veldt to Entabenende. Mr. Helm, Mr. Bowen Rees, and Mr. Cullen Reed led the way in the mission spider, while Mr. Whiteside and I brought up the rear in a two-wheeler, which a friend had lent for the occasion. We outspanned near water for lunch, and again later in the afternoon to give the mules a brief rest, as the day had been unbearably hot. Just as we drew near to our destination a slight accident happened to Mr. Helm's cart, but we reached Entabenende soon after sunset, well shaken up by the jostling we had received on the exceptionally bad road which we had traversed. We did not sit up long after supper, and though three of us slept on mother earth, we were none of us troubled with sleeplessness. Sunday morning found a large company assembled to keep the festival. Some of the people had come long distances. There was old Baleni Masibi, the veteran teacher of Makoloza, who with his wife had tramped across the intervening fifty miles of country as if to spite his years and infirmities; there were teachers from many out-stations; there were familiar faces from Hope Fountain; there were men from the mines in the vicinity; and there were numberless others who had come from no

A Red-Letter Day in Matebeleland By Neville Jones

one knows where, many of them being people whom Shisho had at some time influenced for good. The first service of the day was Shisho's ordination. As the old building was totally inadequate and the new one had not been opened, we held the service beneath the trees, surely the most perfect place of worship imaginable. There, amidst the rustling of the leaves and the singing of the birds, we set apart for the ministry of the Gospel one of the first Matebele Christians, who thus becomes the first ordained native minister of this district—a fact the significance of which the people saw for themselves without any prompting on our part.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we assembled outside the door of the new church building, where a hymn was sung and Mr. Cullen Reed led in prayer. We then entered and joined in the joyful service of dedication that followed. We missionaries faithfully carried out those portions of the service allotted to us, and we were encouraged in having with us some white friends who had come from their homes in the neighbourhood in order to be present. But even the new building proved too small to hold the company, and many had perforce to remain outside and hear, as best they could, what was taking place inside. Mr. Helm spoke of the history of the mission, and showed how the new church had not only been opened free of debt, but that there was actually a considerable balance in hand from the building fund. The total cost of the church was about £200. As the congregation left the building a retiring collection was taken, and a sum of no less than £35 was received. In this connection it is interesting to note that £5 was given by the Induna of the district, with whom Shisho had had occasion to remonstrate only the week before for seeking to make his daughter marry against her will.

The third and last service of the day was the Communion Service, which seemed the fitting climax to a day of thanksgiving. As night drew on, huge fires were lighted outside the teacher's kraal, and two goats were killed to provide food for the visitors from afar. I wished it had been possible to photograph the scene as I walked from group to group. Very soon after they had finished their meal the camp grew silent, and rows of shrouded forms were to be seen around the glowing embers. Next morning we returned to Hope Fountain with the happy memory of a real red-letter day.

“The Morning Cometh”

By Reginald Bartlett
formerly of Papua

SINCE morning we have put some twenty-five miles between ourselves and home. How hot the sun is!

A gleam of white some two miles distant, in sharp contrast to the deep green of the bush, and a thin trail of smoke drifting lazily down the beach, tell us that our “boys” have reached the camping ground on the far side of the river’s mouth, and have put up the tent and lit a fire. We are happy at the thought of rest in the cool of the evening, and our happiness is mingled

ages—songs of war, of blood, cries of pain and anger—but now! listen!—they are singing the last verse:

*Jesu ave meaforoē
Arao fajavapai—
Jesus, Thy love
I will proclaim—*

The hymn is finished.

“Joane firu teni.” It is announced—and read—by Haraha. “. . . Mamoe haria araō avai, meha sitavu kao, erero etareha araō aite mavoa lariavai—” (Other sheep



Photo by]

“THE MORNING COMETH”

[Basil Mathews

In the Mediterranean Sea, approaching Cyprus

with hopes that the mosquitoes and sandflies will be more merciful than usual.

An hour later, and the sun has sunk in the direction of Urika, and almost suddenly it is night. Fires gleam here and there along the beach, and dark forms are seen flitting backwards and forwards. A conch-shell sounds, and the mission children quickly gather around the opening of the tent. Villagers who have come down the river in their canoes for a night’s fishing gather about us also, and stand around. A small group of men walking homewards along the beach turn aside at the unusual sight, and impelled by curiosity add themselves to the already large numbers.

“Fara 63,” and soon the hymn “Jesu ve rare meta ia” (How sweet the name of Jesus sounds) is being sung. Never did sweeter song penetrate into the bush or travel along the beach than this. Some twenty or so young people, Papuan children, are singing the song. Songs of another character have been heard here through long

I have . . . them also I must bring . . . one fold, one Shepherd. . . .) They *are* hearing! they *are* responding! they *are* being brought! the Papuans are already entering! And now, prayer. Kere stands up. All heads are bowed. There is perfect stillness, as the hearts of these “little ones” are raised to the very throne of God.

“. . . we thank Thee, because Thou hast kept us safe on our journey. Not one of us has been taken by alligators. Watch us while we sleep. Bless our village. Bless the village of Beritani (Britain) where our missionary comes from. Amen.” Then, with hushed voices, all join in the Lord’s Prayer, and Evening Prayer closes with the singing of our sanctus:

O God in heaven,
Our cry is this:
Take care of us.

The villagers return to their fishing, the men continue their journey home, the camp fire dies down, and there is a great darkness. But the morning—THE MORNING—is at hand.



The Mark of the god and the beast

By W. H. Somervell



THERE is a delightful fascination about the Puran Bhagat, Kipling's Prime Minister, who turned Holy Man (Yogi). Kipling describes the great act of renunciation, the life of absorption and dependence, tenderness of old age, and the noble mastery of his last hours.

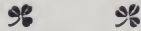
With this glowing picture of an Indian Holy man in my heart I am on the steps of the bathing ghat at the temple of Kali in Calcutta. Who are these objects, clad in saffron, garb of holiness? They wear huge red wigs, with false curls to the waist, false beards and moustaches. The brown skin of their villainous faces is whitened with holy ash, while each carries a rosary to be counted, lest the world see their devotions, in the secrecy of a strange bag shaped like the head of the sacred cow, with pretence ears and horns.

The mark of their god is on the forehead, and the mark of the beast is in their face—cunning and sham and worse. There on the ghats at Benares such an one is doing his toilet: he sits with the scantiest of clothing, his chief covering a thin layer of ash. In his left hand is a tiny mirror; before him are pots of paint; with his right hand he is "making up" for the day, and at this

particular moment is emblazoning on his forehead the marks of his caste.

A little further on is a bed of spikes. We have all in our time shrunk in horror at the thought of this self-inflicted agony, and here is the very instrument of torture, and the holy man will lie on it—for an acknowledgment. But examination shows that the spikes are blunt and are set so close together as to be practically harmless. To lie on twenty spikes, even if blunted, would be most painful assuredly, but once set them close, counted by the thousand, and you haven't a bad couch at all.

These men are the miserable corruption of an ideal having great elements of nobility in it. There is undoubtedly a small minority of sincere and devout yogis in India, but where do these other imposters come from? Here is the answer. We are accosted by a little boy of five; he bears on his forehead an elaborate caste mark; he carries in his hand a rosary; sprinkled on him is the dust of the sacred ash; he looks up at us with the words "I'll pray for you," and holds out his hand for bakshesh. This atom of brown humanity is already being led along the life-long road of humbug—he is having his infant lesson as a charlatan.



Mrs. William Evans, Madagascar

IT is with deep sorrow that we record the death of Mrs. Evans, the wife of the Rev. William Evans of Tananarive, Madagascar, which took place on June 18th. Mrs. Evans was the daughter of a well-known Baptist minister in South Wales and went out to Madagascar with her husband in 1899, and since then has rendered devoted service to the Mission in many ways.

She has taken a deep interest in work among women, and has been specially identified with the Native Dorcas Societies which have met in Ambatanakanga and Ampamarinina Churches. When the Deputation were in Madagascar last autumn they had many testimonies of the energy and success with which Mrs. Evans laboured for the good of the Malagasy women in the capital.

Her funeral, which was one of the largest ever seen in Tananarive, was the occasion for a manifestation of the appreciation in

which she was held, and of the deep sorrow of the missionaries and British community and the Malagasy Christians, and of their sympathy with the bereaved husband and children. The Ambatanakanga people are erecting a tablet to her memory in the beautiful memorial church, and the native Christians of the district have asked to be allowed the privilege of erecting a tombstone in the cemetery.

The sympathy of the friends of the Society will go out to her bereaved husband, who has served the Society so faithfully in Tananarive for the last fifteen years, and the three motherless children, two of whom are in school in this country, and the youngest, who is in Tananarive with her father.

Further reference to the late Mrs. Evans will be found in the Welsh edition of *THE CHRONICLE*.

A Great Christian

Mr. An Fung Chi

By T. W. Pearce,
of Hong Kong

THE Hong Kong L.M.S. Independent Church has been richly blessed in the life now closed on earth of Mr. An Fung Chi, a chief elder of its communion.

A text of Scripture on a newspaper sheet read in the town of Fatshan, where his early life was spent, first led Mr. An to inquire concerning the teaching of the Bible. Inquiry led to controversy, and controversy for him ended in the conviction that the Scriptures are God's highest revelation to mankind.

Early comradeship with Mr. An made brighter the morning of my life as a missionary in China. At the time (1879) of my first arrival in Canton our friend had achieved fame as a preacher of the L.M.S. mission in that city.

His brilliant gifts of utterance and knowledge found perhaps their highest expression in the Canton preaching halls, where he was confronted daily by audiences seldom sympathetic, often opposed, and occasionally violently hostile to the new teaching. The "preaching hall" of the time was in truth a hard school, in which the strong personality of the Chinese Christian preacher was disciplined to high usefulness. Mr. An became known throughout the province as a leading Christian apologist, and it was largely in this sphere that his distinguished gifts continued to find their true scope.

There remains with me a conviction, born of early experiences in Canton and strengthened by the passing years, that the work of evangelisation to-day needs specially and chiefly men of Mr. An's mental and spiritual gifts who can, with prophetic ardour and apostolic zeal, give a reason for the hope that is in them.

Twenty-five years ago the way was opened for Mr. An to go to Europe. The post of

Cantonese Reader in the Oriental Institute at Berlin became vacant, and the services of Mr. An Fung Chi were sought.

Residence in Germany with helpful Christian people, and a visit to England in relation to the Anti-Opium Society, tended to broaden a mind ever alert and susceptible to the best influences, whether derived from books or from intercourse with men occupied with high ideals and service.

The period since his return from Europe, comprising the last twenty years of Mr. An's life, was spent in Hong Kong, where for the greater part of his time he was attached to a Government office, and on retiring from this post he became honourably and most usefully employed in the conduct of non-medical affairs pertaining to the Chinese Community Hospital.

His character and gifts became widely known, and won for him the largest measure of regard and esteem. With a wisdom of speech that is all too rare he had also a yet more rare wisdom of silence. His words on great matters of human conduct seemed always well-timed, well-chosen, and well-directed. Joined with wide knowledge of men there was with him a peculiar insight into the trials and sorrows of the poor, and a far-reaching sympathy that found speedy means for their alleviation. He turned a deaf ear to none; heart and hand were constantly enlisted for the aid of the weak and suffering. Thus our friend's life among us became through the passing years an ever-growing influence marked by a benevolence, wisdom, courtesy, and sincerity that had their sources in a deep and true realisation of the spirit of his Master.

"Whose faith follow."



Mr. An Fung Chi, of Hong Kong

“A God that Answereth”

By Alice M. Horne
of Hwei-an, South China

ONE of our village chapels in Hwei-an is just opposite a temple to the Goddess of Mercy, and when I visit that village and stay in that chapel all day long I can hear the clatter of the bamboo oracle-blocks as the worshippers in the temple drop them on the stone floor to ascertain what answer the goddess gives to their requests.

In all that district of China in every temple and wayside shrine may be seen red scrolls with four characters written on them. These characters may be roughly translated, “Ask and ye shall receive,” and these scrolls are thankofferings from those whose petitions have been granted by the idols. Truly, as in the days of Elijah, the human heart craves a “God that answereth”!

Many of our Chinese Christians have been brought to believe in God through

light for one minute before a door was shut, and, making for that light, they found the house of a Christian, and the old woman gladly came with her lantern, led us along the shore, and put us in the right path.

At a village prayer-meeting one night three special petitions were offered, for rain and for two young women who were in trouble and danger. Next morning, when I rose early to journey on to the next place, it was raining fast, and my bearers said, “Hasn’t the answer come quickly?” Before many weeks, both young women were provided for.

At a weekly prayer-meeting for workers in Hwei-an city many requests have been granted. One of these was for money that a boy might continue his education; within a month a lady in England promised this. In Amoy the ladies of the three Missions

A Scroll in a Heathen shrine, meaning, “Ask, and ye shall receive”

answered prayer. One of our colporteurs first came to chapel to ask healing for his children who were ill; his prayer was answered, the children recovered, and he renounced idolatry. Many such instances might be given. Even the heathen *expect* our God to answer prayer.

Once in travelling to a country chapel, through miscalculation of the tide, I was overtaken by darkness on the sea-shore. There we were on the sands, a bitter wind blowing, no light to be seen, no sound but the steady roll of the waves, and we could not find the path leading from the shore. My servant and the burden-bearer went off to see if they could find help. I was left sitting in my chair with the bearers huddled together under the lee of it, sheltering from the wind, and discussing the possibility of spending the night there, cold and supperless. I heard one say to the other, “Ko-niü (the lady missionary) will pray to God, it will be all right.” Then he called out to me, “Ko-niü, are you praying to God? We can’t stay all night here.” I assured them I *was* praying, and the answer came. Just as our men got to the top of a little rise they saw a

working there have a weekly united prayer-meeting. It was started years ago by Miss Ashburner of our Mission, and is a meeting that no one will miss if they can help it. We all bring or send requests, and many are the thanksgivings for answers received. We can tabulate these material answers; it is less easy to tell of answers in spiritual things, though here, too, we can bear witness that ours is a “God that answereth.” How we need prayer to water the seed sown, for the growing Church, for ourselves that we may show forth Christ in our lives! And in times of discouragement and difficulty is it not through prayer that we, like Christian, remember the Key of Promise, and when all else fails do we not find, like him, the weapon of All-Prayer prevail?

Dr. Mott said at the National Conference in China: “There is no limit to the possibilities of this little gathering if we lay hold of our great God as we have never done before.” Shall we not in this coming year lay hold of our great God as we have never done before, remembering that our Master has said, “Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full”?

China's Compliments

REV. E. R. HUGHES, B.A., of Ting-chowfu, sends a photo which was taken on the occasion of ten boys getting their leaving certificates from the Middle and Higher Primary Schools. He writes in explanation of the picture: "The four boys sitting on the ground in front are the Middle School boys. The six boys at the back are the Higher Primary boys. Of the four, the inside one on the right goes off next week to the Theological College at Amoy. He is the

group is the chief mandarin here, whilst the people round him are a representative collection of the big-wigs of the city, elders and school principals, etc. They and others came—we could only invite the élite owing to the comparative smallness of the hall—and made elegant mandarin speeches. The gentleman in spectacles evoked great applause by an eloquent protest against the proposal which has been made to make the worship of Confucius the state religion in China. He denounced the idea as contrary to all



MEN OF TO-DAY AND TO MORROW AT TING-CHOWFU

ablest of the four, and it was a great joy when he came some months ago and said he felt that his vocation in life was to be a preacher. The one sitting on his right will teach in our schools next year. The one on his left is wanting to get into Saint John's College, Shanghai, in the summer. Of the six at the back, the two top boys are coming back next year to train for teachers. The two small ones, who are young and clever enough, are going to read in the Government School. The gentleman in the middle of the

republican principles. He made flattering allusions, as did all our guests, to the generosity of the foreigners in helping the youth of China to obtain good and useful knowledge, but we wish they were being really drawn to the faith of our Lord. They are very friendly and ready to say nice things about the good moral teaching in Christianity, but a lot of strenuous praying and working has got to be done before they will open their hearts to the Christian conception of sin and the salvation therefrom.

DR. MORRISON, lately the well-known special correspondent in China of "The Times" newspaper, and now the Financial Adviser to the Chinese Republic, says—

"I think it only fair to say that the good name which Englishmen possess in China—a name for straightforwardness and honesty—is due not only to the high character of our official class and our business men, but also to the high character of the English missionaries living in the land. Think what it means to have scattered throughout that vast Empire, in hundreds of stations, high-minded English gentlemen, whose word is their bond, living simple and pure lives, absolutely trusted; who are working solely for the good of the people, undismayed by failure, manly and courageous. The more I see of missionary work in China, the more I admire it. . . . From an experience gained in witnessing their work in every province in the Empire, I wish to bear my unqualified testimony to the admirable work done by our missionaries in China."

Lost and Found

“WE have lately been cheered,” writes Miss L. J. Robinson, of Bhowanipore, Calcutta, on August 21, “by another woman with three children coming to us. It is a story

of ‘lost and found,’ for the mother came to us first of all about the year 1896, when Miss Smiley was here and I at home, spending my first furlough. After she had been with us some months she was sent to the Bhowanipore Hospital every day to be trained as a nurse. There she was led astray. We, however, kept in touch with her. The two eldest children at-

tended our Kansariparah Hindu girls’ school. It is two years since her husband died, and now after sixteen years she has returned to us. I enclose a photograph of the family for you to see. The mother,

son, and youngest daughter are all at Berhampore, while the eldest girl is in the school here. The boy is living in a Christian family, and attends the Khayra School. Mr. Brown did not think him strong enough for the life at Kaurapukur. He seems to

be a clever boy, for he has gained a free-ship at the South Suburban School. I tried to find a suitable home for him here, so that he could attend the Institution, but failed to do so, and we also felt it would be a great comfort to his mother for him to be near her, for it was very evident they were all in all to one another.

“The family who came out in March

as well as this latter, both mothers and children, are all getting on nicely, so that we greatly rejoice over this addition of nine souls to teach and train for our Master.”



THE NEW CHARGES

Cholera and Caste at Kadiri

REV. A. ERNEST SMITH, of Kadiri, South India, writes in his Report:

“It would not be fair for us only to give to our friends the pleasant experiences of missionary work, and therefore I am going to dwell on all the various experiences of the past year in my Annual Report. I intend to show the dark side first because I want to get it over, for to dwell on those days is almost unbearable. As I have related the stories to some of our missionaries they have said, ‘Mr. Smith, that is enough. I have never heard such accounts before.’

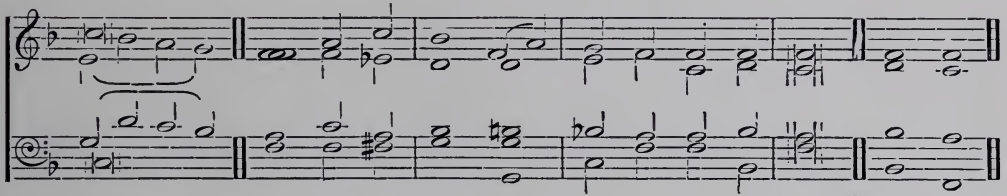
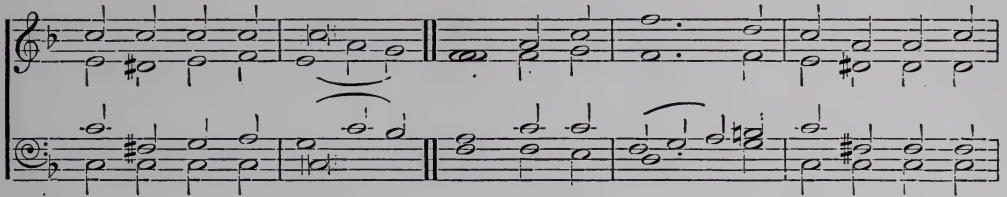
“Cholera commenced its ravages in the town of Kadiri in June, and continued its deadly work right on into August. Scenes of distress, mourning and death were on every hand. In about five or six weeks 200 died out of a population of 7,600, *i.e.*, 1 in 38. It was a common sight to see the dead deserted by all their relatives and friends.

As soon as a person was suspected of suffering from the disease, he was often left to die unless some Government official happened to find him and rendered assistance. ❦

“Let me tell you of a case which is one of the saddest I came across. A woman was attacked by cholera, and was turned out of her home at night with her babe, who was only a few months old. She found her way to our Christian Head Master’s house, who gave her some medicine. Then she asked for water, but on being told that he was a Christian she refused to drink there lest she should break her caste. She trudged on until she reached the verandah of the School. There she lay all night, pleading that some one would bring her water. The people round heard her but took no heed. At 5.30 a.m. the next morning she was found dead, with the young babe sucking at her cold breast.”

"Far round the world"

10.10.10.10. Manx Fishermen's Evening Hymn.
Arr. by W. H. GILL.



Doh is F.

s :— m : r	d :— t ₁ : d	d : m r : d	d :— :—	d :— m : s	d' :— :—l	s : s s : s	s :— :—
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FAR round the world Thy children sing their song,
From East and West their voices sweetly blend ;
Praising the Lord in Whom young lives are strong,
Jesus our Guide, our Hero, and our Friend.

Guide of the pilgrim clamb'ring to the height,
Hero on Whom our fearful hearts depend,
Friend of the wand'rer yearning for the light,
Jesus our Guide, our Hero, and our Friend.

Where Thy wide ocean, wave on rolling wave,
Beats through the ages, on each island shore,
They praise their Lord Whose hand alone can save—
Whose sea of love surrounds them evermore.

Thy sun-kissed children on earth's spreading plain
Where Asia's rivers water all the land
Sing, as they watch Thy fields of glowing grain,
Praise to the Lord Who feeds them with His hand.

Still there are lands where none have seen Thy face,
Children whose hearts have never shared Thy [joy,
Yet Thou would'st pour on these Thy radiant grace ;
Give Thy glad strength to every girl and boy.

All round the world let children sing Thy song,
From East and West their voices sweetly blend ;
Praising the Lord in Whom young lives are [strong,
Jesus our Guide, our Hero, and our Friend.

BASIL MATHEWS.

This hymn and tune are published by the London Missionary Society as a Leaflet.
Price 1s. net per hundred ; 1s. 3d. post free.

The Captain's Wife

A Story of the
South Seas

DURING my recent visit to Aitutaki (writes the Rev. G. H. Eastman, of Rarotonga, Cook Islands) an opportunity occurred for co-operation to an extent which, I should imagine, is rare, if not unique, in the annals of South Sea Missions.

At the time when I was very busy dealing with the outbreak of sickness which followed the hurricane of January 9, a four-masted American schooner, bound from 'Frisco to Adelaide, put in to seek medical help for the captain's wife, who was in a very serious condition, having been suffering from a severe attack of dysentery for eight days. Not knowing the local conditions very well, the captain, a Norwegian, had the misfortune to run his ship on the reef, thus adding to his troubles. The resident Agent of the New Zealand Government, a colonial, brought the sick woman, an American Lutheran, ashore in the Government boat, and sent a messenger to me. I went at once, and finding the poor lady's condition serious, we rigged up an empty room in the new Government building as a temporary ward. As good nursing was even more important than medicine, we sought the assistance of the wife of the Seventh Day Adventist missionary (American), and the Sisters of the Roman Catholic Mission (French), these being the only white women in the island. They responded readily and worked most loyally.

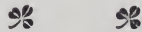
The ship floated off again that night. As the news of the hurricane had not been conveyed to Rarotonga, and as there was so much sickness and a scarcity of the appropriate drugs in the island, I suggested to the

captain that, in the interests of his wife, as well as of the island, he should go to Rarotonga and try to bring back a doctor and medical supplies. Knowing how desperate his wife's condition was, he sailed within an hour. Meanwhile, we made the best use of the medicines we had, not forgetting to commend our patient to the care of the Great Physician, without whose aid our efforts would have been fruitless.

Four days later the ship returned, having failed to reach Rarotonga, owing to adverse currents and unfavourable winds. The captain, who more than half expected to find his wife dead, was overjoyed to find her making satisfactory progress towards recovery. In a few days more she was sufficiently convalescent to be carried on board again, so that the ship might resume her journey.

The ward, a room in the Government building placed at our disposal by a Colonial Resident Agent; the medical adviser, a British Protestant missionary (L.M.S.); the nurses, the wife of an American Seventh Day Adventist missionary, and the French and Irish sisters of the Roman Catholic Mission; the patient's baby cared for by the wife of our Maori schoolmaster at Araura; the patient herself an American Lutheran, the wife of the Norwegian captain of a strange vessel—could such co-operation be found outside the Kingdom of Him Who taught His followers to show respect to womankind, hospitality to strangers, and mercy to the needy?

Less than a century ago both the vessel and her crew would probably have fallen a prey to a crowd of savage heathen. What hath God wrought!



Co-operating in the Crypt

Extract from letter from The Bishop of California, of February 7, 1914, referring to the opening services in the crypt of the new Cathedral in San Francisco.

THE first congregations in the crypt were surprisingly good, and it will always be an interesting memory that the first service to test its capacity was a missionary service in the evening of the first day of its use. It is estimated that nearly 1,500 were inside, and some had to go away. And curiously enough the first time 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains'

was sung in the crypt it was not in the English but in the Japanese tongue, and in like manner the first time 'Jesus Shall Reign where'er the Sun' was heard it was in the Chinese tongue. Choirs from our respective missions rendered the hymns, after being addressed by our native Japanese and Chinese clergymen. It is the more striking when we remember that Heber wrote 'Greenland's Icy Mountains' in 1819, and then his widest thought of missions was Greenland, India, and Africa's sunny fountains, and Japan and China had no sign of their modern missions."

Adoni

MISS HASKARD of Bellary writes: "I have just returned from Adoni, where the new church has been opened. Adoni is a good-sized town with a growing population. It is the centre of the cotton district, the cotton being brought there from all around to be cleaned, pressed, and sent away.

"We have had work going on there for many years, but no building of our own, and the services were held in the catechist's house, which is very inconvenient. A church has been formed in connection with the South India United Church, and the people felt they ought to have a house in which to worship. A neat stone building, combining church and pastor's house, has been put up, and on October 4 was dedicated for worship. I took out eleven of my girls to lead the singing, and much they enjoyed the change.

"On the morning of the day to which all had been eagerly looking forward the Christians from the surrounding villages met and marched through the town, led by a band which made a great noise and poured forth such tunes as 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' 'March of the Men of Harlech,' etc. Arrived at the church, we all

Clara Butt's Voice in India

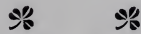
stood around while Mr. Wait, manager of one of the cotton-presses and a real helper in our work, opened the door. Then we sang 'All hail the power' to 'Diadem,' and it was most impressive; the heathen people standing round looked on in astonishment. The congregation filled the building, and we had addresses in English, Telugu, and Kanarese.

"Mr. Wait had his gramophone, and we heard Clara Butt sing 'Abide with me.' Then, after the consecration hymn and prayer, the gramophone struck up a piece with church bells chiming in; so without an instrument of any kind we had an echo of the dear homeland.

"On Sunday there was a special service, when six babies were baptized. The mothers had been saving them up, I fancy.

"After that the Lord's Supper was observed, and a solemn time it was. On the Monday morning one of my girls was married; so, as the people said, they had observed everything except a death.

"One of my Biblewomen has gone to live in Adoni to work among the women, and I have a nice school of forty caste-girls, who will use the church daily. A Sunday School has long been held, and much appreciated."



Out-of-Door Work in India

"I AM here at a car Festival," writes the Rev. Gordon Matthews, of Salem, S. India, in a personal letter posted from Tiruchengodu. "I have strengthened my preaching force by the addition of James Ratnam (one of our Indian Christians). We have had some most interesting experiences here and in the villages. My admiration for Ratnam grows as I get to know him better. We are really companions and friends now. I find in him real intellectual companionship and a moral tonic. It is simply glorious to see what Christ can make of these people. As a preacher he is wonderful—I mean as a street preacher.

"Last night we were in the silk-weavers' quarter. We took our stand by one of those little 'charadies,' as we call them—public pials, often with a central shrine and an idol—places where the village sits of an evening, corresponding to the tap-room of the village pub.

"At first we were badly thwarted by a semi-drunk Mohammedan. I must say I find it very hard to bear with drunken interruption. Ratnam was speaking, and I

believe it was his patience and determination through, I suppose, the half hour's continual interruption in which the crowd was united against us that won us the day. For when the drunk went off, we soon found a different atmosphere.

"A weaver sitting on the pial, evidently a bit of a theologian, began asking questions. Ratnam and he talked together and a crowd listened. The man showed excellent spirit in discussion, though generally he switched off just as the light began to shine on him. You know their way, dodging the point just before it pins them down. But, as I say, the spirit was excellent.

"There is no doubt Christianity is forging ahead in all ranks of society. There are indications meeting the missionary on every hand of the weakening of the hold of Hinduism, for example, lack of enthusiasm among the ryots for dragging the cars round the town. Temple enthusiasts are fighting uphill against a growing indifference to their business. Whether when superstition goes, Christianity is to take its place in the hearts of the people, is a matter depending on the Christian Church."

The Oldest Paper in the World

By
A. J. McFarlane,
M.A., of Hankow

TWO pieces of tattered paper, a few inches square, may be seen in the British Museum, and are described as probably the oldest pieces of paper in the world.

They are in the beautiful new King Edward VII Gallery, and were found a few years ago in Chinese Turkestan by the Aurel Stein Expedition.

Their exact age is uncertain, but they date from somewhere between the years 25 and 220 A.D., while the Great Wall was being built.

They show how little the writing and language and courteous habits of the Chinese have altered during all the years that have since gone by. On one, in a handwriting that might have been written by any Chinese to-day, the following words can be read, ". . . making a profound salutation [the same words *Kó-téu*, 'to knock the head on the ground,' which is in common use to-day], hoping Hsieh Yung Sz may under all circumstances enjoy peace . . . [p'ing ngan, 'peace,' the common salutation of all Christians in China to-day.]" The second frag-

ment, in a much less scholarly handwriting, says, ". . . as soon as the foot-soldiers arrived, but sent. . . ."

Strange that these two oldest pieces of paper contain these two contrasted ideas, about which so much has been written ever since! One speaks of "peace," the other of "war."

Quite possibly some officer in troubled China has this very day taken a piece of very similar paper and written a hasty message of the coming and going of foot-soldiers. But more certainly many a Christian has met another to-day in China with that same ancient salutation of peace. Strife has still the same meaning as of old; but there is a new meaning in the word "peace," in the name of Him who was perhaps living in Judæa at the very time that ancient message was sent.

The day will come when there shall be no more "rumours of war," and perhaps the last as well as the oldest piece of paper in the world will contain a message of peace in His name who said "My peace I give unto you."

Wants

THE following requests have reached us from the Mission Field.

1. Miss Griffith, of Peking, asks if there are any friends who would kindly send her two Union Jack flags, for the Women's College and the Boarding School. Large ones are required, as "the Chinese Republican flag is immense, and a little British flag by its side would look insignificant."

Miss Griffith would also be thankful for woollen mufflers or cuffs, dolls, and other toys, for Christmas gifts; and also old Christmas cards for heathen children who come to the Sunday Schools.

2. Mrs. Dawson, of Siao-chang, expresses the need of the following articles for their Boys' School: a school clock—need not be large, but reliable; footballs are much wanted, as the boys are being trained in regular physical exercise; articles for prizes, knives, pencils, looking-glasses, etc.; Scriptural and educational pictures for object lessons—these are of great value in teaching.

3. Miss Robinson, of Calcutta, needs the following: Three dozen Congregational Hymnals, with good print; a harmonium; money to buy a dozen chairs; bags or baskets for Biblewomen; and prizes for pupils.

4. Mr. Ross of Kambole asks for a bell to call the people to church, back numbers

of the "International Review of Missions," and a pair of wooden legs for Kalolo the crippled cobbler.

5. Rev. H. A. Popley of Erode has received a mirrorscope, which is already being used most successfully by himself and the other missionaries. He now needs any number of picture postcards for it. Pictures of animals, of other countries and peoples, Bible pictures, and children playing, would be most useful. Perhaps some readers will be good enough to send some of these to Mr. Popley (London Mission, Erode, S. India) by book post.

I shall be very glad to hear from any friends willing to help in providing any of the above needs, and will supply any fuller information.

CLARA BENHAM.

The "Ainauia"

REV. C. F. RICH, of Isuleilei, Papua, has been able to repay out of the income derived from industrial work in his district £85 of the £100 advanced by the Directors for the purchase of his motor launch, the *Ainauia*.

Mr. Rich expects to pay the balance next year.

A Song of the Departed

By
Beatrice Duthie

THE morning was well advanced, and we had been going from house to house in one of the Hindu quarters on the usual routine of work. "Just one more house," said the Biblewoman; "there is only one learner, an unmarried girl who is not allowed outside, but she will be disappointed if we do not go." "Very well," was the reply, "but we won't stay long, as it is getting late."

It was the usual Indian house, and the usual kind of learner, not so bright perhaps as many, though her mother, who stood by, was evidently anxious for her daughter to learn. After some conversation with the mother I was on the point of leaving, when she said: "It was through your mother I learnt to read, and she too taught my mother also. She would like to see you, I know; if you will wait a little I will call her."

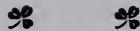
She crossed the courtyard to one of the inner rooms, and presently an old woman, quite blind, came groping her way to where I sat. Her placid look of contentment, in spite of her affliction, was very beautiful.

"Yes, your mother taught me," she said, "and though I cannot read now, I can sing."

There and then she began, with great eagerness, to sing one of our Christian hymns, going through all the verses, stopping every now and again to explain the meaning and apply it to herself. After two hymns had been sung the Biblewoman interposed, saying the "Ammal" was hungry (which was not true!), and that she should not be detained longer. "Why then," said the old woman, "let us give her some coffee. I must just sing her one more."

It was the Tamil lyric, the refrain of which is: "Though great trouble come, do not be discouraged, O my soul, for the strong Christ will be thy refuge."

It was most touching to hear such words sung, with so much fervour and evident feeling, by a blind Hindu woman, and to listen to her testimony of the help and strength they had brought to her. To one at least of those who sat beside her as she sang, these words also brought a message of real comfort and cheer, reminding her that those who have gone from us are not dead, but still speak in the lives of those whom they have helped to bless.



Short Notices of Books

The Master's Last Word. By R. E. Clegg, minister of Fish Street Memorial Congregational Church, Hull. 7 + 4½. 79 pp. 6 oz. (A. Brown & Sons. 2s. net.)

A series of very suggestive addresses on the great commission. In most churches there are those who have not yet felt that discipleship brings a missionary obligation. These addresses, or others based upon them, ought to influence such people for good.

Spurrell's Welsh-English Dictionary. Edited by J. Bodvan Anwyl, with a Preface by Sir Edward Anwyl. 246 pp. 7 + 5. 14 oz. (W. Spurrell & Son, Carmarthen. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a revision of William Spurrell's Welsh-English Dictionary, first published in 1848. The work of editing and revising has entailed immense labour, which has been very effectually undertaken by Rev. J. Bodvan Anwyl of Pontypridd, who is well known to the Society's constituency as the careful and able translator into Welsh of its publications. The new dictionary, which is well printed and portable, should greatly help the wider use and understanding of Welsh.

Our Great Task. By A. Marshall. 7 × 4½. 243 pp. 13 oz. (A. H. Stockwell. 3s. 6d. net.)

Described as "an argument, a sketch, and an appeal" for missions by the pastor of the Baptist Church, Cranleigh, Surrey.

Beyond the Pir Pandal. By Ernest F. Neve. 8½ × 5½. 178 pp. 20 oz. (C.M.S. 2s. 6d.)

A new and popular edition of Dr. Neve's account of life and missionary enterprise in Kashmir. Deals very largely with medical work.

The Problem of Pain: Life after Death. By the late T. E. Slater, of Bangalore. 7¼ × 4¾. 87 pp. 4 oz. (L.M.S. 9d. net. 10d. post free. Paper covers.)

Mr. Slater was a missionary of clear vision and sound judgment, whose work among the Hindus will long be remembered. In this little book he has put much valuable thought upon the two subjects which appear in the title. The book is prefixed by a short biography of the author and an appreciation by Rev. W. Matheson, B.A.

Watchers' Band Notes

MY DEAR FELLOW SECRETARIES,
We trust that you have all received the letter together with a copy of the Annual Report sent out some weeks ago. If any of you have not had them, will you kindly let me know at once.

It is a great joy to be able to address this monthly letter to you once more, and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking those who so kindly sent expressions of sympathy with me in my illness. It was a great relief to know that Miss Few was at the Mission House so ably carrying on the work during my absence.

We are asked to pray for a special blessing on the Summer Schools to be held during this month. Shall we ask that each speaker may be baptized with power, and that many young lives may there be yielded up to God for service in His great harvest field?

Let us ask the Holy Spirit to search us each one that there may be nothing in us to hinder His work, and that our petitions for the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth and the doing of God's will may become increasingly matters of personal heartfelt concern to us all.

With sincere greetings,

I am, Yours in the Master's service,

F. E. REEVE.

NEW BRANCHES

TOWN.	CHURCH.	SECRETARY.
Kennington		Miss K. Jell
Eston		Miss E. Lovern
Glasgow Hutcheson Town		Miss A. MacDuff
Melton Mowbray		Miss L. A. Garner

There will be no Prayer Meetings held at the Mission House during the month of August.



Brevities

Cable news has been received that the *John Williams* has successfully completed her first journey of the year, covering the

stations from east to west of Papua and has returned to Sydney.

The London Congregational Union Quarterly for July contains a portrait and an appreciation of the late Rev. A. N. Johnson, M.A., Home Secretary of the L.M.S.

Mrs. Frederick Craven is again to be congratulated upon her successful management of the Foreign Stamp Bureau. The amount resulting from the sale of the Society's foreign stamps between January 1 and June 30, 1914, is £28 9s. 2d.

The Summer Schools at Scarborough (Aug. 1-15), Hindhead (Aug. 15-22), and St. Andrew's (July 24-Aug. 7) will not be able to accommodate any more members, as all the rooms have now been booked.



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Arrivals

Dr. ALICE HAWKER and Miss F. GIFFORD from JIAGANJ, NORTH INDIA, June 8.
Rev. GAVIN and MRS. SMITH and three children from NIUE, SOUTH SEAS, June 20.
Rev. E. E. and Mrs. BRYANT and child from TSANGCHOW, CHINA, June 21.
Rev. W. H. and Mrs. GELLER and three children from SIAO KAN, CHINA, June 22.
Mr. J. C. and Mrs. JACKSON from DUDHI, N. INDIA, June 26.

Departures

Rev. C. and Mrs. MÜLLER and three children appointed to APIA, SAMOA, per steamer *Orotos*, June 19.
Rev. A. and Mrs. WARREN and two children to ALMORA, N. INDIA, per steamer *Marienbad*, via TRIESTE, July 5.

Birth

ARNOLD.—On April 23, at Ocean Island, the wife of the Rev. H. A. Arnold, of Beru, of a son.

Marriages

COLE—HEPBURN.—On June 18, at Bulawayo, Rhodesia, Alfred J. Cole, of the Rhodesia Exploration Company, to Jessie Jeanie, daughter of the late Rev. J. D. Hepburn, Khama's Country, and Mrs. Hepburn, of Beckenham. (By cable.)
HUCKETT—SCOTT.—On June 18, at St. James', Forest Gate, by the Vicar, Frederick William, younger son of the Rev. A. S. and Mrs. Hockett, of Madagascar, to Eliza Gladys, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, of Leytonstone.

Golden Wedding

WAREHAM—CARLING.—On July 6, 1864, at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, by the Rev. John Brown, B.A., the Rev. E. Alport Wareham to Susannah R. Carling.

Death

EVANS.—On June 18, at Tananarive, Madagascar, Maggie Evans, wife of the Rev. W. Evans. (By cable.)

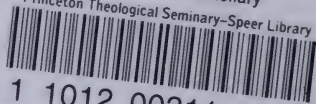
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